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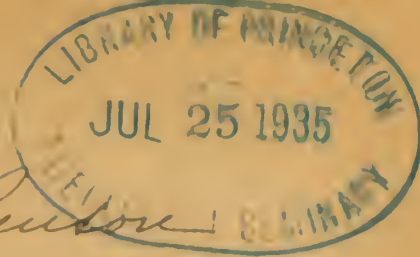
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from

Alex R. Thompson d.d. d.d.

Jan'y 22. 1895-

Hymnal.

Alexander R. Thompson comp.

THE GIFT OF
MRS. JOHN T. WILSON.

Compiled for the use of the Patients in
ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, N. Y.
by
ALEX. R. THOMPSON, D.D., Chaplain.

Cordial thanks are returned to friends for the use of Hymns.

Hymns.

We believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

NICENE CREED.

1

- 1 Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!
- 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

2

- 1 Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

- 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

- 4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

3

- 1 Casting down their crowns before
Thee,
White-robed Elders, Lord, adore
Thee,

- Cherubim with lips of flame,
 With them in the worship vieing,
 "Holy, holy, holy" crying,
 Laud and magnify Thy Name !
- 2 Lamb once slain, and Judah's Lion,
 Throned upon the heavenly Sion,
 Root of David, Thee they praise !
 Singing : Glory, honor, power,
 Are Thy wasteless, rightful dower,
 Throughout everlasting days.
- 3 And, like mighty thunderings o'er us,
 Rolls the grand angelic chorus,
 In its awful majesty ;
 Myriad rapturous tongues confess-
 ing :
 "Wisdom, riches, glory, blessing,
 Lamb of God, belong to Thee."
- 4 King of kings ! and may our lowly
 Mortal lips, the worship holy
 Dare to join, in faith and love !
 Us on earth Thy life enfolding,
 They in heaven Thy face beholding,
 Thy one Church, below, above.
- A. R. S.
4
- 1 Oh worship the King, all glorious
 above,
 Oh gratefully sing His power and His
 love ;
 Our Shield and Defender, the An-
 cient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendor and girded
 with praise.
- 2 Oh tell of His might, Oh sing of His
 grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose
 canopy space ;
- His chariots of wrath the deep thun-
 der-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings
 of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders
 untold,
 Almighty, Thy power hath founded
 of old,
 Hath stablished it fast by a change-
 less decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a man-
 tle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
 recite !
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the
 light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends
 to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and
 the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
 frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee
 to fail :
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to
 the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer,
 and Friend !
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee
 above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble
 their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to
 Thy praise.

5

- 1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 Oh may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph
mine.

6

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.
- 2 Thou my Deliverer art, O God ;
My trust is in Thy mighty power,
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my
Tower.
- 3 To Thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

7

- 1 O God, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us when we pray !
- 2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness
turns,
And courage to despair.
- 3 Then mercy on our failings, Lord,
Our sinking faith renew,
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
Oh send Thy patience too !

8

- 1 Call Jehovah thy Salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile
regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 4 Since with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

- 5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here, for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

9

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand,
 Bread of Heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do
 flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my Strength and
 Shield !
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's Destruc-
 tion,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

10

- 1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow,
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,
 And where the verdant pastures grow,
 With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
 But yet in love He sought me ;
 And on His shoulder gently laid,
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thine unction grace bestoweth,
 And oh, what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth.
- 6 And so, through all the length of
 days,
 Thy goodness faileth never ;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy
 praise
 Within Thy house forever !

And in One Lord Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God ; begotten of His Father before all worlds : God, of God ; Light, of Light ; Very God, of Very God ; begotten, not made ; being of one substance with the Father ; by Whom all things were made : Who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary ; and was made Man.

NICENE CREED.

11

Instantis adventum Dei.

- 1 The advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His
road
With hymns of holy joy.
- 2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be :
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His people free.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, rise,
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.
- 4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in Heaven to reign.
- 5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone ;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on !

12

Du wesentlichen Wort.

- 1 O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
To this my longing heart !
- 2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart ;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord !
Sole Light of life Thou art !
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the east, arise !
Drive all my clouds away ;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight
dies
Into the perfect day.

13

En clara vox.

- 1 Hark ! an awful voice is sounding !
" Christ is nigh !" it seems to say,
" Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from
heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes, with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

14

- 1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a Child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

15

- 1 Morn is breaking, night is flying,
Never came a morn so fair ;
Hear His herald-prophet crying,

"Faithful souls His way prepare!"
From the lofty mountains ringing,
Jubilant and sweet the cry,
Till the lowly valleys singing,
Answer it, "The Lord is nigh!"

- 2 Coming—what was ever stranger—
Earth can give Him for His bed
Nothing but a rude coarse manger
Where the patient beasts have fed.
Room for every one beside Him
There was found in Bethlehem ;
King of kings, and yet denied Him
Palace, throne and diadem.

- 3 Aye, but in their awful courses
Stand the stars in grand array,
Choosing from their flaming forces
One to wait upon His way.
Over the dim stable keepeth
Watch, this heavenly sentinel,
While beneath, the Incarnate
sleepeth,
In such home content to dwell.

- 4 He is coming ! night is flying !
Coming near and yet more near ;
Waiting, longing, seeking, sighing,
Weary watcher, Christ is here !
Rise ! the last bright morn is breaking,
Rise ! the shadows flee away,
Virgins wise your places taking,
Rise, and greet the eternal day !

16

Ermuntert euch Ihr Frommen.

- 1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near :

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh :
Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle !
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear :
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide-open stand ;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory !
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee !

17

Cur relinquis Deus.

1 O God why did'st Thou put aside,
For this vile earth Thy heaven
above ?
Did'st Thou expect there would
betide
Thee here the ministry of love ?
That earth had honor Lord for Thee ?
Honor and love,—nay verily,
Lying in wickedness, earth knows
Not how to love Thee, but Thy foes.

2 Bethlehem proved what love for Thee
This present evil world hath, when
She shut against Thee, cruelly,
The door left wide for other men,

And forced Thee to the hovel, where
Wide open to the winter air,
The very beasts could hardly live ;
No other shelter would she give.

3 Come Jesus from that hovel cold,
Exposed to all the winds that blow,
Chilled by discomfort manifold,
From the poor couch all wet with
snow !
My all a couch for Thee I make ;
My heart the shelter Thou shalt
take ;
I give it all, I give my best,
That were for Thee a better rest.

4 My heart all burning with the fire
Of love to Thee, would cherish
Thine.
But Thou that love can'st kindle
higher,
And Thou wilt rather cherish
mine.
For Thou art Love, and can'st
inflamm
The hearts of those that love Thy
Name,
With Thine own self, and not with
wood,
Thou art the very Fire of God.

5 Come then O Fire of God to me !
Come Love, and never more
depart !
Enter the place prepared for Thee,
The shelter of my loving heart !
I'll make Thee there a couch of rest,
And deem myself supremely blest,
If I may ever more abide,
Loving, beloved, at Thy side.

18

- 1 The night the King was born, the
stars
Shone down on Bethlehem,
As jewels flash through golden bars
From out a diadem.
But suddenly their radiant fire
Grew pale and dull and dim,
When came from heaven an angel-
choir,
To sing a Christmas hymn.
- 2 Such music never yet had rang
On mortal ears till then,
As rang when holy angels sang—
“Goodwill and peace to men.”
Such winsome glory never came
Before on mortal eyes,
As came when they, with feet of
flame,
Came trooping down the skies.
- 3 And if on that first Christmas-time,
This lost world back to call
To hope and God, in sweetest chime
The bells of heaven rang all,
Would it be strange, if echo sweet
Of that transcendent strain
Should run o’er earth with footsteps
fleet,
And answer back again?
- 4 Sing, angels, never cease to sing,
Ye first-born of the sky!
Cry, every herald of the King,
His glorious advent cry!
But angel from the heaven above,
Or herald of the morn,
Could never sing the song of love
As men:—that Christ is born.

19

Adeste fideles.

- 1 Oh come, all ye faithful, triumph-
antly sing!
Come, see in the manger the angels’
dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful
accord;
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship
the Lord.
- 2 True Son of the Father, He comes
from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin He doth
not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful
accord;
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship
the Lord.
- 3 Oh hark, to the angels, all singing
in heaven,
“To God in the highest, all glory
be given!”
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful
accord,
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship
the Lord.
- 4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of
Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven
and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent
Word!
Oh hasten! oh hasten! to worship
the Lord.

A. R. J.

20

- 1 O stars of God, what did ye see
That holy night when Christ was
born ?
What stranger clad in panoply
Rode with your host from eve till
morn,
Whose helmet was a diadem,
Who bore a fiery pennon high,
And when ye came o'er Bethlehem
Paused, while your wondering host
went by.

CHORUS.

Shine herald-light,
Ye angels sing,
Shepherds to-night,
Go, seek the King !
The Lord of all
Lies in this stall.

Oh wonder passing mortal ken !
Glory to God ! Good-will toward
men !

- 2 O angel of the living God,
Did ever nobler errand bring
Thy rapid feet, with lightning shod,
Forth from the presence of the
King,
Than that which brought thee, with
the cry
To sinful, weary, wondering men :
All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace again !

CHORUS.—Shine herald-light, &c.

- 3 O shepherds, heard ye e'er before,
Such music as that winsome strain
That stole your ravished senses o'er,

The night ye watched upon the
plain ;

When angels in a mighty choir
Stood round the gate of heaven
above,
And chanted, with their lips of fire,
The canticle of holy love !

CHORUS.—Shine herald-light, &c.

21

- 1 Out in the fields near Bethlehem,
By night the Jewish shepherd
Watched o'er his flock, lest upon
them
Might lion come or leopard.
There came no beast, but in the east,
Amid the starlight slender,
All in surprise, he saw arise
A star of radiant splendor.
- 2 It could not be the evening star,
That in the west was blazing ;
This in the east o'er Jordan far,
Shone with a light amazing.
Their eyes so oft, had seen aloft,
Each flame-clad heavenly ranger,
That each they knew, by token true,
But no one knew this stranger.
- 3 And while they looked with bated
breath,
And at the marvel wondered,
And were it sign of life or death
With growing terror pondered,
Lo suddenly, there seemed to be
A door set open o'er them,
And clad in white, an angel bright
Came down and stood before
them.

- 4 Fear not, behold I bring, said he,
 Good news of greatest wonder,
 To you, and people all, that be
 This heaven of glory under ;
 For word I bring, that Christ your
 King,
 In heavenly love and pity,
 This day on earth, hath had His birth,
 In David's ancient city.
- 5 Then instantly it seemed as though
 The heavens were all on fire;
 And down there marched, in rank
 and row,
 A glory-mantled choir ;
 Who stood and sang, till echo rang,
 —So runs the ancient story—
 That peace again, had come to men,
 And unto God all glory.

a. r. y

22

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks
 by night,
 All seated on the ground ;
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not," said he,—for mighty
 dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,—
 " Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you, in David's town this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign ;—

- 4 " The heavenly Babe you there shall
 find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing
 bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forth-
 with
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song :—
- 6 " All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to
 men
 Begin, and never cease !"

23

- 1 Hark ! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day !
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
 Christ the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb ;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here !

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.</p> | <p>2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, Wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.</p> |
|--|---|

24

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise;
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.</p> | <p>3 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.</p> |
|--|---|

And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate; He suffered and was buried.

NICENE CREED.

25

Cælestis Formam gloriæ.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh wondrous type, Oh vision fair,
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain
shows,
Where brighter than the sun He
glows!</p> | <p>3 And faithful hearts are raised on
high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of
praise.</p> |
| <p>2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.</p> | <p>4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.</p> |

26

- 1 Not yet, ye people of His grace,
Ye see your Saviour, face to face ;
Not yet enamored eyes ye bring
Unto the glory of your King.
- 2 Ye follow in His steps below,
Along His thorny way ye go,
Ye stand His bitter cross beside,
Ye cling to Him, the Crucified.
- 3 Upon His grace ye banquet here ;
Ye know Him true, ye feel Him
near ;
The balm of His dear blood ye bless ;
Ye wear His robe of righteousness.
- 4 But greater shall the wonder grow,
But mightier shall the joy o'erflow ;
Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze
And look your love and sweet amaze.
- 5 Oh, make me meet for joy like this !
Oh, grant me grace to bear the bliss !
To set my heart on Thee below,
No other Lord nor love to know.
- 6 Then shall I set mine eyes on Thee ;
The King in all His beauty see ;
And gazing on, for evermore,
Glow with the beauty I adore.

27

- 1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest !

- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless,
cold !
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name
adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more !
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none
remove ;
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy
love !

28

- 1 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own Anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and
reign.

29

- 1 Hosanna to the Living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt
away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful
stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

30

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be
made,
And praises throng to crown His
head ;

His Name, like sweet perfume, shall
rise

With every morning sacrifice.

- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest
song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

31

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, Lord of all.
- 3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call ;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him, Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

32

- 1 Many woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, the Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
This through grace can be be-
lieved;
But the torments which He felt
Are too vast to be conceived;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God,
All my sins against His laws,
All my sins against His blood,
All my sins against His cause,
Sins as boundless as the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

33

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my
pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God:
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled
down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

34

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance stream-
ing,
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

35

- 1 Lo ! from Edom comes a Stranger,
Up by Bozrah's desert way.
Is it some wild Arab ranger
Seeking stealthily his prey?
Scars are in His hands and side,
And with red His raiment dyed.
- 2 Answer us, O thou Wayfarer,
And the mystery explain :
In what vintage wert Thou sharer,
Gaining thus this ruddy stain ?
Hast Thou bathed Thy feet in
wine ?
Tell what means this crimson
sign ?
- 3 Not in wine My feet have trodden ;
Not the vineyard's purple crown,
But the foe, with slaughter sodden,
I have crushed and trampled down.
Helper with Me there was none;
God's wine-press I trod alone.
- 4 Therefore red in Mine apparel,
Come I, mighty now to save ;
Greet ye Me with song and carol,
Conqueror of death and grave !
Humbly cometh after Me,
Captive led, captivity.
- 5 Aye, we greet Thee, Champion,
Jesus ;
Thou hast triumphed gloriously.
Who but Thou could e'er release us;
Glory ever be to Thee !
Lord and King and Christ art
Thou ;
Every knee to Thee shall bow !

A. P. J.

36

- 1 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice ;
There the Incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see !
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned
with thorns.
- 2 Surely, Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn ;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee,
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.
- 3 Cast thy guilty self on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem,
At His feet thy burden lay ;
Look thy doubts and cares away ;
Now, by faith, the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.
- 4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed
Ere I can by faith be healed ;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me ;
At Thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, oh shine my fears away !

37

- 1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

- 3 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 5 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

38

Labente jam solis rota.

- 1 Now with the declining sun
Day to night is passing on :
So doth mortal life descend
Swiftly to its destined end.
- 2 From the cross, Thine arms spread
wide,
Fold the world, O Crucified !
Help us love the cross ; in Thy
Dear embrace help us to die !
- 3 Glory to the Eternal One !
Glory to the Only Son !
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity !

39

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,

Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

40

- 1 Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.
- 2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden-glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

41

1 A garden near the cross, and there
A sepulchre ! Light barred with
gloom ;
Amid the glory rare and fair
Of bloom and beauty, there a
tomb !
2 'Twas meet that in a garden bright
With blooms, the Champion's tomb
should be ;
To sleep away the short still night,
And wake in immortality.

3 And meet for Him to wake 'mid
flowers,
When angels rolled the stone away,
Where dew-drops, fallen in lavish
showers,
Like lustrous jewels paved His
way.

4 'Tis well for weary head to sleep
On the same pillow where He lay,
While heaven its vigil sure doth keep ;
And ere long is the break of day.

5 And love may make a garden round
The place where sleep its own and
His ;
Angels patrol the holy ground,
And Christ THE RESURRECTION
is.

*And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures ; and
ascended into heaven ; and sitteth at the right hand of the Father.
And He shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the
dead : Whose kingdom shall have no end.*

NICENE CREED.

42

Ad regias Agni dapes.

1 The Lamb's great festival
In spotless robes we keep,
The praise we sing, of Christ our
King,
Who led us through the deep.
2 His heavenly love hath He
Proved in His precious blood,
And, Priest Most High, the altar by,
Himself devoting stood.

3 The sacred crimson sign
The avenging angel knew ;
The waters fled, beneath Christ's
tread,
And gave a pathway through.

4 Christ is our Passover !
True Paschal Lamb is He ;
Bread without leaven, true Bread of
heaven,
Truth and sincerity.

5 O Victim all divine,
 Death is beneath Thy feet !
 Rent is its chain, and Thine the gain,
 Of life immortal meet !

6 Show in an opened heaven
 How hath Thy warfare sped ;
 Behind Thee bring the infernal king,
 Thy trophy, captive led !

43

1 "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;
 Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell !
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;
 Christ hath opened Paradise !

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
 "Where, O death, is now thy
 sting?"
 Once He died, our souls to save ;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting
 grave?"

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !
 Praise to Thee by both be given !
 Thee we greet triumphant now ;
 Hail ! THE RESURRECTION, THOU !

44

1 The stars were shining overhead,
 The deep blue heavens adorning,
 When Mary to the garden sped,
 Of old on Easter morning.
 And as she hurried through the
 gloom,
 Her eyes with tears all streaming,
 Of Jesus dead and in the tomb,
 Her tender heart was dreaming.

CHORUS.

All thanks and praise,
 This day of days,
 With hearts of love be giving,
 Your worship bring,
 To greet the King,
 Lord both of dead and living !

2 But earlier than Mary, came
 To where the Lord was lying,
 An angel, on his wing of flame,
 From heaven above down flying.
 The soldiers at the sepulchre
 With terror sat and shivered ;
 And while like dead men there they
 were,
 Their Prisoner was delivered.

3 There in the garden Mary met
 Her risen Lord and Saviour,
 With wailing words of chiding, yet
 With womanly behaviour ;
 As if He were the gardener :
 If thou hast hence conveyed Him,
 That I may go and take Him, Sir,
 Tell me where thou hast laid Him.

4 He called her : Mary ! then and
 there
 She recognized her Master,

And ran the tidings glad to bear,
 With feet than wild roe's faster.
 The Lord is risen indeed ! we cry
 With Mary, with the angel,
 The Lord is risen, no more to die !
 So sing we our evangel.

45

Aurora calum purpurat.

- 1 The morning purples all the sky,
 The air with praises rings,
 Defeated hell stands sullen by,
 The world exulting sings.
- 2 While He the Mightiest of kings,
 From death's deep-shadowed den,
 The prey long held, in triumph brings
 To joyful life again.
- 3 Within death's sealed and guarded
 prison,
 Fast fettered He has lain ;
 But He has mastered death, is risen,
 And death wears now the chain.
- 4 Away with grief,—bright angels
 cry,—
 With tears and sighs away,
 Not here does death's Destroyer lie,
 For He has risen to-day !
- 5 That Thou our Paschal joy may'st be,
 Eternal ages in,
 O Jesus, deign to set us free
 From the dread death of sin !
- 6 We worship, as is ever meet,
 O God the Father, Thee,
 Thy risen Son, Thy Paraclete,
 Henceforth, eternally !

46

Mortis portis fractis fortis.

- 1 Broken are the gates of death !
 To the Stronger yields the strong,
 And his kingdom perisheth
 At the cross, while all along
 Death's dark dungeon streams the
 light,
 Driving out the abysmal night.
- 2 What at first He did create
 Pure and holy, now to save,
 And to make regenerate,—
 Though it cost the cross and
 grave,—
 Comes the Maker from on high,
 Dying, that man may not die.
- 3 Wondrous death, which gives us life !
 Hell against the Champion lone
 Rushes madly to the strife,
 Only to be overthrown.
 What can ever equal this !
 Life is ours, for death is His.
- 4 He who led a captive train,
 Is himself a captive led ;
 And the slayer now is slain ;
 Death is left among the dead ;
 Strong and glorious comes the King
 From the conflict, triumphing.
- 5 Risen with Him, in Him restored,
 Is the fallen, guilty race ;
 Sinful man and sinless Lord
 Now are one ; his rightful place,
 By His Maker's will, man takes,
 And His joyful worship makes.

47

Pone luctum Magdalena.

- 1 Lay aside thy sorrow, Mary,
Calm the tempest of thy tears !
This is not the feast of Simon,
There's no reason now for fears ;
But a thousand now to sing,
Aye a thousand now to ring
Alleluia !
- 2 Frame thy lips to laughter, Mary !
Make thy forehead smooth and
bright,
For all suffering is over,
And comes in the golden light.
Christ hath now the world made free,
For death's Conqueror is He ;
Alleluia !
- 3 Laud Him then, applaud Him,
Mary !
From the grave comes forth the
King ;
Now the sad scene all is ended,
Ended in His triumphing.
Thou did'st weep to see Him die,
Now enthralled with gladness, cry
Alleluia !
- 4 Lift thy countenance O Mary !
See Christ living as before !
Look with face of calm composure,
See the five wounds that He bore.
How like radiant pearls they shine,
Ornaments of life divine ;
Alleluia !
- 5 Live, oh live, again then, Mary !
Light has come once more to thee,
Every vein with gladness swelling

Death's complete defeat to see.
Bid farewell to grief and pain,
Let glad love return again,

A. R. S. Alleluia !

48

- 1 Hail to Thee, our risen King !
Joyfully Thy praise we sing ;
For, the mighty conflict o'er,
Now Thou livest evermore.
- 2 Fain like Mary, Lord, would we
In Thy glorious presence be ;
Hear Thy voice, and see Thy face,
Praise Thee for Thy wondrous grace.
- 3 Resurrection-life hast Thou
Given to Thy people now ;
Haste the time when, raised to Thee,
We shall manifested be.
- 4 Blesséd Saviour, Victor, King,
Hear us now Thy triumphs sing,
While we celebrate Thy praise,
And our hallelujahs raise !

49

Hymnum canamus gloriæ.

- 1 Sing a hymn of glory, waking
Sounds of joy before unknown,
Christ, a new way heavenward taking,
Goes to claim His Father's throne.
- 2 He ascends on high in splendor,
With His victory content ;
Scorned of men, yet He could render
Death, by dying, impotent.

- 3 Mighty angels are attending
On the footsteps of the King ;
Heaven its glorious host is sending
To receive Him triumphing.
- 4 Help us, with devotion tender,
Follow Lord, where Thou dost
dwell,
With the Father, throned in splendor,
In the heavenly citadel !
- 5 Help us in our humble station
Triumph joyfully in Thee,
Knowing, that our full Salvation
Thou wilt yet return to be !

A. R. J.

50

- 1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies ;
Assume Thy right ;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light !
- 2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train ;
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain !
- 3 Enter, Incarnate God !
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down ;
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour, triumphant, go
And take Thy crown !

- 4 Lion of Judah, hail !
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age ;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage !

51

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious !
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown
Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Crown the Saviour King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name !
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant
chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
Oh what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

52

- 1 Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates,
Ye barriers of the sky
Unfold, the King of glory waits
To pass the portal high.
- 2 Ye angel-warders cry aloud,
The challenge answering :
Whence comes this chariot of cloud?
Who is this glorious King?
- 3 The King ! the signs of victory
He wears as He hath won,
The strong and mighty Lord is He,
The everlasting Son.
- 4 Content was He on earth to lie
On mortal mother's knee
A Man of sorrows live, and die
On shameful Calvary.
- 5 The blood-stained cross stands on
the hill,
But empty is His prison,
And ranks of shining angels fill
The air around Him, risen.
- 6 And now the Victor triumphing,
To heaven and glory soars,
Be lifted up before the King
Ye everlasting doors !

53

- 1 O Saviour, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach the Gospel to the poor?

- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants
bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!
- 3 Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day :
- 4 So now may grace, with heavenly
shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest
there.

54

- 1 In that dim and awful day,
When the world shall pass away,
What shall be the sinner's stay ?
- 2 Not alone, but one with Thee,
In Thy true humanity,
Saviour, let my portion be !
- 3 At that awful judgment-tide,
Rock of ages, let me hide
Deep within Thy wounded side !

55

- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak He's near ;
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.</p> | <p>4 Oh happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.</p> |
|---|---|
-

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life ; Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son ; Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified ; Who spake by the prophets. And one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church ; We acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins.

NICENE CREED.

56

- 1 Spirit of truth, on this Thy day,
 To Thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long Thy praises to proclaim
 With fervor in our own.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share ;
 Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
 And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and
 power decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants
 stay
 With faith and hope and love.

57

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

- 1 Holy Spirit, come we pray ;
 Pour on us the heavenly ray
 Of Thy splendor pure and bright !
 Come, O Father of the poor,
 Come, O Benefactor sure,
 Come, Thou of our hearts the
 Light !
- 2 Of all Comforters the best,
 To our souls a welcome Guest,
 Dear Refreshment, ever sweet ;
 In our weariness, Repose,
 Solace amid tearful woes,
 Shelter from the burning heat.
- 3 O Thou Light most blessed, shine !
 To its depths with life divine
 Fill each heart that turns to Thee !
 Without Thy divinity,
 Nought in man can ever be,
 Nought but sin and misery.

- 4 What is sordid cleanse again,
 What is barren wet with rain,
 What is wounded heal, we pray ;
 What is stubborn help to bow,
 What is frozen cherish Thou,
 What is lost lead in Thy way !

- 5 Unto Thine, who faithful be,
 Thine who put all trust in Thee,
 Give Thy sevenfold gift of grace ;
 Give them constancy's reward,
 Give them full salvation, Lord,
 Give them joy for endless days !

A. R. Y.

58

- 1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite !
 Shine upon our nature's night
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Comforter Divine !
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord ;
 We are faint, Thy strength afford ;
 Lost, until by Thee restored,
 Comforter Divine !
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter Divine !
- 4 In us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine !
- 5 In us " Abba, Father," cry,
 Earnest of our bliss on high,
 Seal of immortality,
 Comforter Divine !

- 6 Search for us the depths of God,
 Bear us up the starry road
 To the height of Thine abode,
 Comforter Divine !

59

- 1 Spirit of faith come down,
 Reveal the things of God,
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood.
- 2 No one can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless Thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word.
- 3 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in His blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 " Thou art my Lord, my God !"
- 4 Oh that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of His Name.

60

- 1 By Jacob's ancient well
 Sat Jesus, long ago ;
 The water-bearer heard Him tell
 Where living waters flow.
- 2 The beggar, day by day,
 Sat in a hopeless night,
 Until the Master passed that way
 And said, " Receive thy sight !"
- 3 The Gentile mother craved
 A crumb of healing power ;
 The child for whom she prayed, was
 saved
 That very self-same hour.

4 Beside Bethesda's pool,
He to the palsied said,
Before he prayed to be made whole:
"Rise, and take up thy bed!"

5 "O Lord, remember me,"
The dying robber cries:—
"This day," saith Jesus, "thou
shalt be
With Me in Paradise."

61

1 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh haste to gain that dear abode
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

62

Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest!

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-
prints
And His side.

3 Is there diadem as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea a crown in very surety,
But, of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.

6 If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay?
Not though earth, and not though
heaven,
Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
gling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer: Yes!

63

1 Behold! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked
before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

3 Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melted heart and laden hands!

- Oh matchless kindness! and He
shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll
stand.

64

- 1 O Lord, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before Thy mercy-gate:
- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is my humble prayer;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Oh let Thy mercy spare.

65

- 1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy
throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

66

- 1 Heal us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth Thy
hand;
Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief!"
- 3 She, too, who touched Thee in the
press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered: "Daughter, go in
peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we
come
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

67

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hidingplace,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
Add tell him, Thou hast died !

68

Ἰησοῦν γλυκίστατε

- 1 Jesus, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest ;
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!
- 2 Thou didst call the prodigal :
Thou didst pardon Mary :
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary :
Lord, to heal my lost condition

Give—for Thou canst give—contri-
tion ;

- Thou canst pardon all mine ill,
If Thou wilt ; Oh, say: “ I will !”
- 3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession ;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment ;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain !
 - 4 When I reach death’s bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher :
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish,
Tell me:—“ Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day !”

69

- 1 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest call obey ;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life :
- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God :

- 4 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art :
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

70

- 1 Miracle of heavenly kindness,
Love and pity ! can it be !
Jesus waiting ! in my blindness,
Never saw I it was He
Knocking at my door until
I should answer ; knocking still !
- 2 And yet, it hath seemed so often
It could be no human hand.
Heart of stone ! that did not soften,
Suffered Him without to stand,
Did not rise and let Him in,
Foolish, wretched heart of sin !
- 3 Woe is me for such behaviour ;
What, if He had turned away !
Oh, but enter, patient Saviour,
Enter in this very day ;
I will sit at Thy dear feet
Tears of love Thy love will greet !

71

- 1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany !

72

- 1 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

- 3 The joy Thy favor gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

73

- 1 I am coming to the cross ;
I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
I am counting all but dross ;
I shall Thy salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am coming now to Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, Master, save me now.

- 2 Lord, I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly
store ;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine, forever more.

- 3 In Thy promises I trust ;
Now I feel Thy blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust ;
I with Christ am crucified.

74

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God. I come !

- 6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

75

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load ;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem :
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline :
 I love the Name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His Name abroad is poured.

76

- 1 I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled :
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild :
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of
 love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'T was He that loved my soul,
 'T was He that washed me in His
 blood,
 'T was He that made me whole :
 'T was He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'T was He that brought me to the
 fold,
 'T is He that still doth keep.

- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold :
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam ;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home !

77

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine !
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 Oh let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

78

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

79

- 1 Saviour gentle, Saviour lowly,
Meek and quiet Lamb of God,
Thou, with patience pure and holy,
Sorrow's dreary way hast trod ;
By thy cross of agony,
Lord of love, remember me !

- 2 Thou didst pray in bitter anguish,
Prostrate in Gethsemane ;
Thou upon the cross didst languish;
Lord of love, remember me !
By Thy cross of agony,
Lord of love, remember me !
- 3 Saviour mighty, Saviour glorious,
Thou art crowned with thorns no
more ;
Lord and Leader, all-victorious,
Heaven and earth Thy Name adore
By Thy crown of victory,
Lord of life, remember me !
- 4 Thine the kingdom is forever,
Thine all might and majesty,
Death, again, can hurt Thee, never !
Lord of life, remember me !
By Thy crown of victory,
Lord of life, remember me !

80

- 1 Abide with me ! Fast falls the
eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with
me abide !
When other helpers fail, and com-
forts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with
me !
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide
with me !

- 3 I need Thy presence every passing
hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my Guide and
Stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh
abide with me !
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where,
grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me !
- 5 Hold then Thy cross before my
closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me !

81

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ !
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea :
More love, O Christ ! to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 2 Once, earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek—
Give what is best ;

This all my prayer shall be :
More love, O Christ ! to Thee,
More love to Thee !

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ ! to Thee,
More love to Thee !

- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be :
More love, O Christ ! to Thee,
More love to Thee !

82

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd ; no want
shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures ; safe
folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still
waters flow,
Restores me when wandering,
redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of
death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no
evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff
be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Com-
forter near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my
cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anoint-
est my head ;
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy pro-
vidence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bounti-
ful God !
Still follow my steps till I meet
Thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my fore-
fathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn,
Thy kingdom of love.

83

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !

- Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope, I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !
- 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !
Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within !
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

84

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

85

- 1 Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Author, God of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore ;
Suffering Son of Man be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain ;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below,
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe :

When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burthened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

- 3 By Thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour,
By Thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power ;
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fear away.

86

- 1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait, with humble awe :
Silent am I now, and still ;
Dare not in Thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.
- 3 Thou didst undertake for me ;
For me to death wast sold ;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold ;
Teach the lesson of Thy cross ;
Let me die, with Thee to reign ;
All things let me count but loss
So I may Thee regain !

87

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encir-
cling gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from
home,
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask
to see
The distant scene ; one step enough
for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ;
but now,
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember
not past years !

3 So long Thy power has blest me,
sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel-
faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile !

4 Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged
path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in
childlike faith,

Home to my God !

To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

88

1 Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee :

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer :

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor
loud,
Speak softly to my heart :

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

89

- 1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and
 fear,
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we
 pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and
 pain ;
 Long have we sought Thy rest in
 vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-
 tost :
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

90

- 1 Begone unbelief ! my Saviour is
 near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He
 will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at
 the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He
 is my Guide,
 'T is mine to obey, 't is His to pro-
 vide ;
 Though cisterns be broken, and
 creatures all fail,
 The word He has spoken shall surely
 prevail.

- 3 Determined to save, He watched
 o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported
 with death ;
 And can He have taught me to trust
 in His Name,
 And thus far have brought me to
 put me to shame ?
- 4 Why should I complain of want or
 distress,
 Temptation or pain ? He told me
 no less ;
 The heirs of salvation, I know from
 His word,
 Through much tribulation must fol-
 low their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup no heart can
 conceive
 Which He drank quite up, that sin-
 ners might live.
 His way was much rougher, and
 darker than mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I
 repine ?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for
 my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine,
 food ;
 Though painful at present, 't will
 cease before long,
 And then, oh how pleasant, the con-
 queror's song !

91

- 1 Though troubles assail, and dangers
 affright ;
 Though friends should all fail, and
 foes all unite ;

Yet one thing secures us, whatever
betide ;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord
will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store-
house, are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for
our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er
be denied ;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will
provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests
be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be
lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and
the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will
provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith
makes us bold ;
For, though we be strangers, we have
a good Guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord
will provide.

92

1 Oft, like the Psalmist, do we cry :
Oh that a dove's swift wings had I ;
Where evil could no more molest,
I'd fly away and be at rest.

2 Can rest on earth be ever found ?
Mine ear hath caught a winsome
sound :
" O heavy-laden, come to me,
I, only, will give rest to thee."

3 I know the voice of Him I love,—
The Friend all other friends above,—
I come to Him ; so ends my quest.
Return, my soul, unto thy rest !

4 Didst Thou not make me for Thine
own,
Light in Thy light to see alone,
And restless evermore to be,
Till I should find my rest in Thee !

5 Thine easy yoke, O Christ, I take,
Thyself my true Yokefellow make.
I ask no more ; supremely blest,
Mine is at length the perfect rest.

A. R. S.

93

1 O Lord, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best !

2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear !

3 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless
mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us
preach ;
All, all, the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

- 4 Lord, make these faithless hearts
of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and
flowers ;
Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace !

94

- 1 Wayworn pilgrim, weak and weary,
Burdened sore with care and sor-
row,
Stumbling in the darkness dreary,
Dreading what may come to-
morrow ;
Listen thou ! hear Jesus say :
" Lo, I am with you alway ! "
- 2 Is the heart within thee sinking
At the word to grief which calls
thee ?
Is the weak flesh trembling, shrinking
From the cross whose pain appals
thee ?
Hear the promise made to thee:
" As thy day thy strength shall
be ! "
- 3 Courage ! Christ will fail thee never ;
Wherefore shouldst thou faint or
falter ?
Yesterday, to-day, forever
He the same is ; what can alter
Heart of love or faithful word,
In thy loving, living Lord.
- 4 Though the night should grimly
darken,
And the wind go shrieking by
thee,

Through the tempest only hearken
To the voice of Jesus nigh thee—
Saying in the dreadful shade,
" It is I, be not afraid. "

95

- 1 O Thou, whose filmed and failing
eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Beheld Thy mother's agony
The shameful cross beneath !
- 2 Remember them, like her, through
whom
The sword of grief is driven ;
And oh, to cheer their cheerless
gloom,
Be Thy dear mercy given !
- 3 Let Thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above ;
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love !
- 4 O Son of Mary ! Son of God !
The way of mortal ill
By Thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still !
- 5 But not with strength like Thine,
we go
This dark and dreadful way ;
As Thou wert strengthened in Thy
woe,
So strengthen us, we pray !

96

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee !

- 2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin !
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !
- 4 Thou, Who sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye !

97

- 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's
eyes !
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Oh, by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou my soul her daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.

- 5 If some poor wandering child of
Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice di-
vine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and
light !

98

- 1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to
glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light !
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light !
- 3 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light !

99

Φῶς ἱλαρόν

1 Cheerful Light of holy glory,
Christ, the Eternal Father's Son !
At the sunset we adore Thee,
Holy, Heavenly, Blessed One !

2 As the vesper light falls o'er us,
And forth come the heavenly host,
God, to Thee we sing in chorus,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

3 Thou art worthy, now and ever,
Of glad voices praising Thee ;
Son of God, of life the Giver,
Let the world Thy glory see.

A. R. S.

100

1 Oh happy day, that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done ; the great transaction's
done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to
part,
When called on angels' bread to
feast ?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

101

1 O Lord our King, the holy sign
That we thereafter should be Thine,
Was traced upon our infant brow ;
And shall we fear to own it now ?

2 O God forbid ! before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our Lord
confess,
His faint but faithful witnesses.

3 Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, while Thou
art near !
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest.

4 Great Judge of all, in that dread day
When heaven and earth shall flee
away,
Before the universe, confess
Thy faint, but faithful witnesses !

102

1 Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy
home ;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be.

- 2 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty
Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's
sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe :
- 3 With banner of the cross unfurled,
Oh may they overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

103

- 1 Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed ;
Thou hast spoken, I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.
- 3 Quiet as a weanéd child,
Weanéd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful and just.

104

- 1 Thine forever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

- 2 Thine forever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife ;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine forever ! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their Rest ;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever ! Saviour keep
These Thy frail and trembling
sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

105

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise
stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless
name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

106

Pugnate Christi milites.

- 1 To arms ye Christian soldiers !
Stand firmly in the faith,
And listen to your Leader,
What cheery words He saith ;
No frail nor fading palm-branch
Will He His soldiers give,
But in the light immortal
They blissfully shall live.
- 2 For them the house eternal
Shall drop its golden bars,
And they shall walk in glory
On pavement of the stars.
The world can offer only
A bauble for its prize ;
In endless life and glory
Their home and honor lies.
- 3 We worship Thee, O Father,
Thy hand will give the crown !
And Thee O Christ our Saviour,
Our Leader of renown !
To Thee O Holy Spirit,
Our homage we renew !
With Thy dear grace to help us,
We will come safely through.

107

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross !
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :

From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day :
" Ye that are men, now serve Him " —
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

108

- 1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

- 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great Re-
ward,
And strove in Thee to die.

- 3 They all, in life or death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's
breath
To suffer and to do.

- 4 For this, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

109

- 1 What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song :
" Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour ! "
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's
might,
More than conquerors they stand,
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :

Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fear ;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

110

- 1 Mizpah ! God be the Watcher
Whene'er our ways divide,
And thine go to the one hand,
Mine to the other side.
And yet, though far asunder
Thy way and mine may be,
God, in His sleepless mercy,
Keep watch 'twixt thee and me.
- 2 Whatever may befall thee,
In sunshine or in rain ;
In gladness or in sadness,
In pleasure or in pain ;
By day God's hand defend thee,
By night His angels make
Their camp around thy dwelling,
Until the morning break.
- 3 When thou art faint and weary,
When thou hast gone astray,
The hand of the Good Shepherd
Restore thee to the way.
Whatever cross thou bearest,
God make it to bear thee ;
The Lord, with thee forever,
Thy Cheer and Comfort be.
- 4 If He shall be thy Watcher,
And in His hand keep thine,
No evil can befall thee,
The care of love divine.
And when the journey's over,
Then, safe at home, we'll say,
'T was a good watchword : Mizpah !
For pilgrims in the way.

A. R. 12

111

O Jesu Christ mein Schöntes Licht.

- 1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare ;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
All pain before its presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 Oh let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind ;
Transfuse it through my inmost
frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.
- 4 Thy love in suffering be my peace ;
Thy love in weakness make me
strong ;
And when the storms of life shall
cease,
Thy love shall be my heaven and
song.

112

Jesu dulcis memoria.

- 1 O Jesus, to remember Thee,
Sweet to my heart will ever be !
But sweeter far, and far more dear,
To know that Thou art always near.
- 2 More pleasant word was never sung
To ravished ear by dulcet tongue,
More winsome sound no lips can
frame,
O Son of God, than Thy dear Name.

- 3 O Hope of every penitent
Who seeks Thee with a heart intent,
Thou art to them that seek, how
kind !
But what art Thou to them that find !
- 4 Hath mortal tongue the power to tell
In words, the joy ineffable ?
They only that have shared it prove,
Dear Lord, the wonder of Thy love.
- 5 Then with me evermore abide,
Make for me endless morning-tide ;
Drive out the darkness of the night,
And fill the world with beauty
bright.

113

- 1 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :
Think on us, who think on Thee ;
Every struggling soul release ;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh, remember Calvary.
And bid us go in peace !

114

- 1 Lamb of the cross, Thy one oblation
Hath taken all our sin away ;

Beneath Thy cross we take our
station,
Grant us Thy peace, we humbly
pray !

2 Here at Thy banquet lift Thy
banner

Of love, O Christ, above our head,
The while we feed upon the manna,
Thy hand hath for our hunger
spread !

3 Thy tender word of love once
spoken,

We here obey all lovingly :
Oft as this bread for you is broken,
So oft, by it, remember Me !

115

1 Body of Jesus, O sweet Food !
Blood of my Saviour, precious
Blood !

On these, Thy gifts, Eternal Priest,
Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast,

2 Weary and faint, I thirst and pine
For Thee my Bread, for Thee my
Wine,

Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of God.

3 There clad in white with crown and
palm,

At the great supper of the Lamb,
Be mine with all Thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon Thy
breast.

4 Saviour, till then I fain would know
That feast above by this below ;
This Bread of Life, this wondrous
Food,
Thy Body and Thy precious Blood.

116

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

1 Sion, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of His worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most estatic lays !

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee.
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That Himself to thee He giveth ?—
He in faith that eateth, liveth,—
For the Bread of Life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy show-
ing,
Who this heavenly table spread.
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth He the Living Bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His
table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ the Passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

- 5 Lo, this angels' food descending
 Heavenly love is hither sending,
 Pilgrim lips on earth to feed.
 So the paschal lamb was given,
 So the manna came from heaven,
 This the manna is indeed.
- 6 O good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
 Us, thy grace and life receiving,
 Feed and shelter evermore !
 Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
 We in heaven with Thee abiding,
 With all saints will Thee adore.

117

O Esca viatorum.

- 1 Heavenly food for men wayfaring,
 Bread of angels, they are sharing,
 Dew of manna from on high,
 Hungering, we crave Thy sweetness,
 We who know its wondrous meetness
 All our want to satisfy !
- 2 Living water ever flowing,—
 Love's dear fountain health bestow-
 ing,—
 From the Saviour's very heart !
 He that drinketh of thee liveth,
 Life, such as thy cool wave giveth,
 Can no other fount impart.
- 3 Jesus, Who Thy face most holy
 Veilest 'neath these symbols lowly,
 Thee, unseen, our hearts adore.
 Oh, but rend the veil, and vision
 Give us, open, clear, elysian,
 Rapturous for ever more !

118

- 1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not
 want ;
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green ; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own Name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
 vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill ;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
 Shall surely follow me ;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

119

- 1 O God ! Thou art my God alone ;
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are
 dry.
- 2 Yet through this rough and thorny
 maze
 I follow hard on Thee, my God !
 Thy hand unseen upholds my ways.
 I safely tread where Thou hast
 trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness
light,
Thy guardian wings are round
my head.

4 Better than life itself, Thy love ;
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above
Or what on earth compared with
Thee ?

120

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade !

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy Name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

121

1 Thou art here ! no symbol-cloud
Hovers now above the ark ;
Fallen is the temple proud,
Desolate the shrine, and dark :

Yet wherever two or three
Gather in Thy faith and fear,
Thou hast promised, Lord, to be ;
We believe Thee : Thou art here !

2 What though mortal eye in vain
Look Thy very form to see,
What though mortal ear may strain
Hopelessly for sound of Thee ;
Thou, the worshippers that bring
Hearts of love, art ever near ;
Lord, no other offering
Do we bring Thee : Thou art here !

3 Hither let the angel fly
From the altar, with its flame
All our lips to purify,
For the worship of Thy Name.
Holiness becometh him
Who would in Thy house appear :
Help us like the seraphim
Veil our faces : Thou art here !

a. p. j.

122

1 Now the shades of eventide
Deepen ; Lord with us abide !
Light of everlasting day,
Thou wilt never pass away !

2 In Thy lowly human birth,
In Thy toil and tears on earth,
Thou the path of pain hast trod,
Man to save, O Son of God !

3 Taking to Thyself the same
Sorrow-laden mortal frame,
Thou our human lot hast known,
Tempted, desolate, alone.

4 By Thy mortal agony,
By Thy piercing dying cry,
By Thy cross, Thy lonely grave,
Master, in Thy pity, save !

5 Lowly Lamb of Calvary,
On us let Thy mercy be !
In the darkness to Thy side
Cling we ; Lord with us abide !

123

O Rex gloriæ Domine.

1 O God the King of glory, Who
Hast Thy dear Son exalted,
Thy kingdom in the heavens unto,
Triumphant when assaulted ;
2 And setting Him at Thy right hand,
In that transcendent station,

Hast crowned Him for His conquest
grand,
Lord of Thy vast creation ;

3 Leave us not comfortless, but send
Thy Holy Spirit to us,
To comfort, guide, uphold, defend,
And in Thy life renew us !

4 And to the place where Christ hath
gone
Oh bring us, we implore Thee ;
That we may look His glory on,
And wonder and adore Thee.

5 And evermore where reigneth He
In all surpassing splendor,
To God in Holy Trinity,
All worship will we render !

*And we look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the
world to come. AMEN !*

NICENE CREED.

124

1 I'm but a stranger here ;
Heaven is my home !
Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is my home !
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home !
2 What though the tempest rage !
Heaven is my home !
Short is my pilgrimage ;

Heaven is my home !
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is my home !

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home !
I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home !
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest ;
Heaven is my home !

125

- 1 Lord of angels, Saviour Jesus,
While Thy watchful hosts are
near,
Harm or evil cannot seize us,
Therefore will we know no fear.
- 2 Stronger than the strongest angel
Art Thou, ever by our side,
So has taught us Thine evangel,
In that faith we will abide.
- 3 Therefore, though the shadows
darken,
Cheerily we fare along,
Sure, Thine ear of love will hearken
While we sing our pilgrim-song.
- 4 Light of life, departing never,
Light of earth, and Light of
heaven,
Earthly suns may set, but ever
Will Thy love make light at even.

A. H. J.

126

Non ce n' est pas mourir.

Nein, nein das ist kein sterben.

- 1 No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.
- 2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be ;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

- 3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word:
" Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord,"
- 4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know ;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.
- 5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.
- 6 Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind !
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here, drops alone, we find.

127

- 1 Now ; for a season ; only now,—
O weary, heavy-laden heart—
And only for a season, thou
Through manifold temptations art
In heaviness ; ere long the day
Will break, the shadows flee away.
- 2 O desolate, thou hast forgot
The helpful answer of thy Lord :
Now, what I do thou knowest not
But thou shalt know it afterward.
Hereafter, thy glad eyes shall see
This was the way of life for thee.

3 Rest on His word ; His word is true,
 Said He not plainly, long ago :
 I know the thoughts I think toward
 you,
 Peace, and not evil ; even so,
 He giveth an expected end,
 Thy faltering footsteps heavenward
 tend.

4 At present, doth the chastening
 yield
 No joy to thee, but only pain ;
 Plough, harrow, sun, and storm
 the field
 Go over ; but the golden grain
 At harvest-time the reapers bring,
 And jocund is the song they sing.

5 Now, is but for a little while,
 But afterward, eternity.
 Thy home,—doth it not make thee
 smile,—
 Nearer, each step, He bringeth
 thee ;
 Ere long thy feet will reach the door,
 Then, life and love for evermore.

128

1 God's help is sure : across our way
 May run a river, wide and deep,
 And we may stand, and shrink, and
 pray,
 May tremble, hesitate, and weep,
 As if it never could be crossed,
 And we forsaken are and lost.

2 Sometimes it may be that His love
 Will cleave the flood before our
 eyes,
 And He will from our way remove

The hindrance, which our courage
 tries ;
 And then, upon the other shore
 Timbrel and song may Him adore.

3 And sometimes, there will be the
 word :
 —His only answer,—forward go !
 With us forever is the Lord ;
 The path of life His love will
 show ;
 Jesus before us, at our side,
 Why should we fear the rushing
 tide ! *A. R. J.*

129

1 Jehovah is my Shepherd, I
 Shall never want, for He
 In His green pastures makes me lie,
 And His calm restful waters by
 Is ever leading me.

2 My soul restores He ; I am led
 Aright for His Name's sake ;
 If the death-shadowed vale I tread,
 Yet there no evil will I dread,
 Not there will He forsake.

3 Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
 My table Thou hast spread,
 Where all mine enemies can see ;
 With oil of sweetest fragrancy,
 Thou dost anoint my head.

4 My cup runs over ; goodness, Lord,
 And mercy follow me
 My life long, at Thy gracious word,
 And ever will Thy house afford
 A dwelling-place to me.

130

- 1 Wayfarers in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on
With weary feet towards heaven.

CHORUS.

- O land above ! O land of love !
The glory shineth o'er thee ;
O Christ our King, in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore Thee !
- 2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher.
- 3 Each morning find we, as He said,
The dew of daily manna ;
And ever when a foe appears,
Confronts him Christ our Banner.
- 4 The sea was riven for our feet,
And so shall be the river ;
And by the King's highway brought
home,
We'll praise His Name forever.

131

Hora Novissima.

- 1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest :
I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng.
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released.
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see Thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art !

132

Hora Novissima.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name they weep ;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- 3 O one, O only mansion !
 O Paradise of joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 The Lamb is all thy splendor ;
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
- 4 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 The Corner-Stone is Christ.

133

Hora Novissima.

- 1 O holy placid harp-notes,
 Of that eternal hymn !
 O sacred sweet refection,
 And peace of seraphim !
 O thirst forever ardent,
 Yet evermore content !
 O true peculiar vision,
 Of God omnipotent !

- 2 Jerusalem the glorious,
 The glory of the elect,
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect !
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en here thy walls discern,
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive and pant and yearn !

- 3 Jerusalem, the only,
 That look'st from heaven, below,
 In thee is all my glory,
 In me is all my woe.
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart,
 And none, O Peace, O Sion,
 Can sing thee as thou art !

- 4 O fields that know no sorrow !
 O state that fears no strife !
 O princely bowers, O land of
 flowers !
 O realm and home of life !
 Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore !

134

Urbs beata.

- 1 Blessed city, vision true
 Of sweet peace, Jerusalem !
 How majestic to the view
 Rise thy lofty walls, in them
 Living stones in beauty stand,
 Polished, set by God's own hand.
- 2 Every several gate of thine
 Of one pearl effulgent is ;
 Golden-fair thy wall doth shine,

Blended lustrously with this ;
And thy wall doth rest alone
Upon Christ the Corner-Stone.

- 3 Thy light is the martyred Lamb.
God thy temple ; angels vie
With the saints, a joyful psalm
Ever lifting up on high ;
And the Holiest worshipping,
Holy, Holy, Holy, sing !

- 4 Evermore stand open wide,
Heavenly city, all thy gates ;
But who would in thee abide,
Who thy wall to enter waits,
Must, that meed of life to win,
Agonize to conquer sin.

- 5 To the Father, to the Son,
Endless adoration be !
Spirit, binding both in One,
Endless worship unto Thee !
Hallowed by Thy chrisim divine,
We become Thy living shrine.

A. R. J.

135

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee !
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see !
- 2 O happy harbor of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
God grant I soon may see
Thine endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be !

- 4 Thy walls are made of precious
stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
- 5 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

136

Me receptet Sion illa.

- 1 May I enter Sion's portal,
David's Sion, rest immortal !
He Who built it daylight maketh,
For its gate the cross He taketh,
Key of it to faith He giveth,
Gladness in it ever liveth,
Wall of living stones its border,
And the blessed King its Warder.
- 2 In that city, never ending
Light, and peace, and spring are
blending,
Fragrant balm through it is flowing,
Joy is there no sorrow knowing ;
There no spot of blight remaineth,
None is feeble, none complaineth,
None, defect nor want is bearing,
Christ's pure image all are sharing.
- 3 Heavenly city, glory-gilded,
On the Rock securely builded,
In thy gate abides salvation ;
From afar, with exultation
Thee I greet, thee, thee desiring,
Thee I love, to thee aspiring,
In what endless gratulation,
Ever lives thy blissful nation !

- 4 Bound in one by love's entwining,
 All the jewels in thee shining,
 Chalcedony, jacinth glowing,
 They within thy walls are knowing.
 In thee, holy throngs resplendent
 Are in fellowship transcendent.
 There with Moses and Elias,
 Let me sing with all the pious,
 Alleluia !

137

- 1 Oh the golden light adorning
 Heaven's pellucid placid morning !
 Not a shadow o'er it trailing,
 Not a sound of woe or wailing
 On its winsome music jarring,
 Not a cloud its splendor marring.
 Rarest, fairest, loveliest,
 Perfect beauty, perfect rest !
- 2 Oh the clear unhindered vision
 In the lustrous light elysian !
 Where the beauty is resplendent,
 And the peacefulness transcendent ;
 Where decay can touch life, never ;
 Where love's tenure is, forever ;
 Where upon immortal eyes
 Glows the light of Paradise.
- 3 Oh the gladness of the waking,
 When the longed-for day is breaking !
 Oh the pure ecstatic pleasure,
 When to love its precious treasure,
 In the safe and changeless heaven,
 Will, forevermore, be given !
 When the weary hears Him say :
 Come,—and rises to obey.

- 4 Oh the rapture of re-union,
 And the blissful sweet communion
 Of the hearts, long-time asunder,
 One in light, the other under
 Sorrow's nightfall, day awaiting,
 Never faith nor hope abating,
 Be it peace, or be it pain ;
 Now, no more to part again !

- 5 Oh to see the King in beauty !
 Heaven to find in love's glad duty !
 In His radiant likeness glowing,
 And as we are known, so knowing ;
 In the light that cannot alter,
 In the love that cannot falter,
 Every shadow fled away,
 At the dawn of endless day.

138

- 1 Safe home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But, oh, the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er !
- 2 The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on.
- 3 No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly had he failed,—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

139

4 The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penned ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
 But One came by with wounded
 side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd
 died.

5 The exile is at home !—
 Oh nights and days of tears,
 Oh longings not to roam,
 Oh sins and doubts and fears,—
 What matter now, when (so men say)
 The King has wiped those tears
 away ?

1 Lamb of God,
 Holy and spotless One !
 Thou, O Christ, hast trod
 All the dark way of death alone,
 Bitter Thy cup with grief unknown ;
 Grant us Thy blessed peace,
 By Thine agony us from all sin
 release !

2 Living Bread,
 Manna that came from above !
 Oh feed us who tread,
 Weary and faint where Thou hast
 led ;
 Over our hearts Thy mercy shed !
 See how 'wildered we roam,
 Bring Thy wanderers, bring Thy
 weary ones home !

A. P. S.

140

1 O blessed Lord, so well Thy work is done,
 There is no need of its undoing ; or
 Of change of thought in Thee, the Holy One,
 Once done, forever done ; what could be more !

2 And so, content am I, come what there may
 From Thee to me ; there can come never aught
 But love has chosen it, and all my way,
 Sunshine or shadow, is with blessing fraught.

3 Only such love as Thine would ever bear
 Such weakness, folly, frowardness as mine ;
 And still with gentle heavenly patience, care
 For life like mine, enfolding it with Thine.

4 Darkened, bewildered though my way become,
 Chosen in love for me it is ; what more
 Have I the right to ask ! it leads me home ;
 These are the steps up to my Father's door.

A. P. S.

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67. Approach my soul the mercy-seat. . John Newton, 1725-1807.
62. Art thou weary *Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον*. Stephen of Sabas, 725-794. Translator John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.
90. Begone unbelief. John Newton.
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134. Blessed city, vision true. *Urbs beata Hierusalem*. Circa 8th Century. Author unknown ; later recast *Urbs beata, vera pacis*, Abbè Sebastian Bernault, obt. 1726. Trans. Alex. R. Thompson.
115. Body of Jesus, O sweet Food. . . . Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1818.
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